





This is but a sample of the by that party, to keep up a county, as the elections will

ENT TREASURY BILL. on the first page of to-day's Treasury Bill, which was adopted on the 4th inst., and is now We trust they will attentively themselves familiar with its propose to it among their Whig neighbors. Read it, read it to them. We, under its operations, wages ill a day, as the Whigs idle operations are not of a whole. Message will be hailed by every great triumph in the great work of restoration of the monetary system to the Jeffersonian principle. It draws the line of government of the people, and, on the one side, and a bank on the other. It separates financial, and agricultural communities. Bank directors, speculators, politicians, and swindlers, who are upon them. It is a correspondence—the first, a declaration of war; the second, from the equally opulent of a bloated money power, operations, because less sus-

and frantic opposition of years "Barons" and their stipendiary people been heard and acts of Congress. The result is throes and struggles of Banked federalists could not pre. A reformation has commenced. The November elections, will on and approval of its continuance from the ballot box.

JANNA HAMILIN, of Hamp- the Convention which was a candidate to be supported Penobscot and Somerset, for less from that District.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. PRINCIPLES.

ain overgrown Whig of this Whig Convention, recently since his return, filled full of ardor, has been busily en- and proselytizing, was recently Democrat, who requested to only political principles were people. Why, sir, said the not vote for him if he came be known; for no man, right to make known what principles. The question was people would know that they if he would not make his power was, the people have no right to be his political course until noted Whig, hearing the con- Whig principles, he would again, and subsequently has of Van Buren and the Dem- for Whig principles.

BOLIVER.

THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. PRANKS.

der self-styled Whigs, well as the Federal aristocracy of laboring long and hard to the federalists, exclusively, alifications which strengthen kind—that consequently, and the people to obey; since the people that they are distinguished majors, either by ignorance, have concluded to ignorance, and to embrace to what they pretend; they might say—political hypocrites they have followed the rabist on a former occasion; mingled with the poor despic- of effecting, by stratagem, open and fair contest, viz: racy and the building of an- nes. To this end, they have ears to collect an amalgam- democracy; but in this pro- principles being opposite in duced by this failure, collected all the cunning to their political laboratory, use by a process of neutral- they are at work, both little terials from the four winds, the beginning, as a substraded Conservatism, (com- to be sick of the Democratic party became sick of them) stock-jobbers and ruined seem to have a wonderful But they dare not yet risque one grand material want- democracy. If they can ob- produce a result that will they will bring out of this ionian Republicanism! A al as it is wonderful. But, see the result of this great victory is too precious a ma-

terial to be used in such a whimsical project. Who is to be used before them, in order to make them change their principles. The wildest and most virid imagination can fancy nothing so supremely ridiculous, as is a Whig Harrison meeting—it beggars all attempts at description; they put at defiance the drunken *piazzas* of the most rude and uncultivated of the savage tribes of the forest, and would put to shame a platoon of maniacs from the region of bedlam. In this way they think they can elect their 'granny' to the Presidency. These are the kind of appeals that are made to the American people to influence them to fall down and worship the image they have set up,—to join in the general cry—great is the 'granny' of the North Bend.

If it is asked, why do men so far forget all sense of propriety and decency as to descend to such menial acts of party drudgery? The answer is "we stoop to conquer."

The Whig party will learn, when it is *too late* for them, that they have woefully mistaken the good sense of the community, in supposing they could be influenced by such contemptible means—that the people understand their rights too well to be cheated out of them. The day of retribution is near, when, at the polls, a verdict will be given in favor of Van Buren and the people, which will cover their opposers with everlasting shame and contempt.

O. P. Q.

JULY 20, 1840.

A PLEBEIAN.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. CHANGES! CHANGES!!

Mr. Ennor.—The Feds are at their old trade, volcating, at the top of their voices, changes! changes!! the people are coming, leaving the ranks of the Administration, and enlisting under the banners of the whigs. This has been the course they have pursued before every important election for many years past, and the cry is now raised all over the United States, with more fury than ever. I would warn our Democratic friends against believing, for a moment, any of these vile slanders. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are *lies*, manufactured without the least foundation, merely for electioneering purposes. Within a few weeks past, it has been positively asserted, by members of the whig party, who live at a distance from certain influential members belonging to the Democratic party, that they had turned their backs to their old comrades, and gone over for Harrison. Two or three cases in the County of Oxford I will mention. It has been said that the venerable Judge Dame, of Fryeburg, has declared for Harrison in another section, that Col. Andrews, of Turner, had come out a fed; and in another, that John J. Perry, Esq., of Oxford, was already making "stamp speeches" in favor of Harrison and "hard cider." From the knowledge I have of these gentlemen's views, I know that these reports concerning them, are all *false*.

I have recently been over the county of Oxford to a considerable extent, and find the Democracy as firm as the "everlasting hills" upon which they tread, and if they don't give the feds a *stander* at the polls, at the ensuing elections next fall, then may you all say, that the appellation of "false prophet" applies with fitness to

CATO.

JULY 18, 1840.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. WE STOOP TO CONQUER."

Mr. Ennor.—It seems that the federal party have recently discovered a material *error* in their former mode of electioneering; having set their marks too *high*, their arrows have gone entirely over the heads of the common people. As a remedy, and in order to make their efforts more successful, and they have concluded to come down a notch or two—pull off their gloves and shake hands with the *Pebeians*. No one, who is an observer of the course the whigs are now pursuing, can, for a moment, doubt but what their motto is verified in their actions: for they do *stoop* to every thing dirty, mean, and contemptible—to means too base and degrading for any man, of high and honorable feelings, to participate in. In proof of this, only look at many of their party who are so swelled up with aristocracy and pride, that they actually despise, and have none but feelings of *contempt* for, the common people—who would be glad to see them reduced to the condition of menial slaves; prating about their sufferings, shaking them by the hand, and expressing the deepest sympathy that they have been reduced to so sad a condition, by a wicked and corrupt administration. Again we behold men, who live in *palaces* and wallow in luxury, building *Log Cabins* and stuffing the crevices with mud and dirt,—who are too good to drink any thing but champaign and wines of the "first chalk," setting in their *mock* tenements and guzzling "hard cider." Gen. (I) William Henry Mum, the great whig available for the presidency, who has received *more* than *one hundred thousand dollars* from the public chest, is called a *poor man*—the *poor man's friend*—the *poor man's candidate*. A Mr. Bag or Brayer (for I believe he is a species of the *ass*) who was once a Blacksmith in Ohio, but some time since ran away from his wife and family and creditors, and who is such a mean scoundrel that he could not get trusted where he is known for even a glass of *hard cider*, is travelling the country, in company with the greatest Whig orators, and holding forth at the federal carousals, ranting about "perish credit" and hard times, and enlightening the poor, "ignorant people," from the scintillations of his lucid genius. Look at the Whig meetings all over the Country, what do we behold? *Log Cabins* hauled through our streets—*cider* skins dragged along in the procession,—*coat* skins held up to the public gaze,—*birch brooms* in bold relief,—and banners, flying in the air, with these, and a thousand other equally silly and foolish emblems, all paraded round with a pompous display,—and for what? *Why*, to *gull* and *deceive* the people. "We stoop to conquer." Here we see the estimate the federal party make upon the *intelligence* of the people. They think by all this display of folly they can operate upon men's *minds*—that they have so little stability of character and principle that they can be "pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw"—that the people are such *fools*—such *consummate fools*—that they have only to exhibit one or two of their worse than ridicu-

Sure are we that our Government is in earnest and determined against procrastination, but there are great obstacles to be met, which will require all its firmness to overcome. Great Britain is stubborn, but her diplomats are crafty and full of fair professions. If they were not so crafty and friendly, more might be accomplished, and in much less time. They profess willingness to pursue the right and do all things which are reasonable, but the trouble is that they are never ready to do any thing.

From the Eastern Argus.

INDIANA.

The Hoosier State doing gloriously for the Democratic cause. Gen. Howard the Republican candidate for Governor, has been received by the *real log cabin* boys, there, with an enthusiasm which seems to be almost unparalleled. "Never was a man," says the writer from Indianapolis, "received with such a welcome! You may depend upon it, we can elect Howard Governor by from 20,000 to 10,000 majority, and give the vote to Mr. Van Buren in November."

The following letter is in confirmation of the above opinion. The writer, Mr. Dumont, we learn from the *Globe*, is a young man of talents and character, and has been a member of the Indiana Legislature. His father has often been a member of the Indiana Legislature, has filled many stations of responsibility, and was, at one time a whig candidate for Governor.

WILMINGTON, June 25, 1840.

A. E. GLENN, Esq.

Sir:—Finding, after much reflection, that I can no longer act with the party to which I have hitherto belonged, without doing violence to my own feelings, I deem it a duty I owe myself to declare to the public the position I occupy, and think the present the most appropriate time to make that declaration.

It is natural to distrust the motives that produce any sudden change of opinion, and therefore a man abandoning a party but not reasonably to escape their censure; but let him be ever so humble, it is his duty to shun even the appearance of evil as far as he can. And now, that the two great political parties are preparing for battle, the result of which time alone may decide, if I declare, which I now do, my determination to yield my humble support to the administration of Mr. Van Buren, will not, I trust, be hereafter said that my opinions were influenced by the results of the elections.

Be pleased, sir, to yield me a sufficient space in your paper for the publication of this.

Respectfully,

EBENEZER DUMONT.

From the Washington Globe.

General Jackson's Letter.

The federal party leave no species of imposture untried to deceive the honest Democracy of the Country. One of the most usual modes of misrepresentation consists in assertions that distinguished Republicans have abandoned the Administration, and GENERAL JACKSON's name figures in the list of deserters!! The General always takes care that his position shall not be doubtful.

II. LITERATURE, June 23, 1840.

To the Editor of the *Nashville Union*:

Sir:—From the many letters which have recently been addressed to me, asking for an expression of my views relative to the leading measures of the present Administration, of the General Government, some of which are well known and easily understood, representing that efforts are made in various quarters to impress the public mind with a belief in the public mind that my confidence in the present Chief Magistrate has been impaired, and that he is a "first" rate President and stands "first" and foremost in the ranks of Democracy. He was among the "first" during the last war to advocate its justice and prosecute it to victory, and never deserted its standard, while Harrison was among the "first" to do so. Van Buren at this time may truly be said to stand "first" in the hearts of his countrymen, and, our word for it, he will come out "first" in the great Presidential race, which comes out next November.—*Harriburgh, (Pa.) Magician.*

The Committee, appointed for the purpose, at the Young Men's Convention, held at Paris, have published an excellent Address to the electors of Oxford County. Our friends in Oxford intend to outdo our Waldo neighbors this year in their Democratic majority, but we don't know whether the thing is possible or not. There will be a hard pull in both counties, but which will deserve the brightest jewel can't be told till after the election.—*Bangor Democrat.*

We copy the following items of news from the Chip Basket, of the *Portland Transcript*.

The Hampshire Gazette states that a gentleman in Westhampton has carried to market in Northampton, the present season, 200 quarts of strawberries, and sold for 12 1/2 cents per quart—all of which were gathered from six acres of mowing land, which will still afford a good crop of grass.

The Spy in Washington, mentions that General Adair, of Kentucky, recently deceased, was the last man living that possessed a personal knowledge of Col. Burr's views, plans, and resources; and if he has left no explanation of the character of the expedition, none will ever be given.

Mr. Louis Adolphe Amie Fourier de Barcon, was on Friday morning introduced by the Secretary of State to the President, and delivered to him his credential letters as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the French.

In respect to the statements which have been made in several of the newspapers of the day, that I disagree with many of my political friends in the estimate they have

of General Harrison's military merits, I am not aware of having said anything to justify them. Having never admitted General Harrison as a military man, or considered him possessing the qualities which constitute the commander of an army, I have looked at his political relations alone in the opinions I have formed or expressed respecting his pretensions to the Presidency, and the consequences which would result to the country, should the sufferings of the people place him in that high office.

I am, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
ANDREW JACKSON.

"Who is General Harrison? The only officer to whom a British army surrendered during the last war!—*New Haven Palladium.*

And who fought the battle, Mr. Palladium, which led to the surrender? A soldier of unimpeachable veracity is now at our elbow, from whose dictation we write, who served under Harrison at the battle of the Thames, who averts that the battle was fought by the Kentucky militia under Col. R. M. Johnson, and the British and Indians totally routed and taken prisoners. He states, moreover, that Gen. Harrison was more than a mile from the battle ground, out of harm's

way, at the time, with his regulars, of whom he was one, and that he issued orders to his men to ground their arms, and not fire a musket on pain of death—that many of the soldiers, indignant at the dastardly order, instead of grounding their arms, thrust them into the earth—that Harrison remained a passive spectator of the struggle till victory perched upon the banners of the brave Kentuckians, and that Col. Johnson, covered with blood and wounds, directed the surrender to be made to his Commander-in-chief. This is also according to history. How much glory do you demand for Gen. Mum for this great exploit, Mr. Palladium, hey?—*Hartford (Ct.) News & Advertiser.*

**Administratrix's Sale.**  
PURSUANT to license from the Hon. Lyman Rawlins, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, the subscriber will sell at Public Vendue on the twenty-sixth day of September next ensuing, on the premises, so much of the real estate of

WILLIAM RICHARDSON,  
late of Rumford, deceased, as will produce the sum of two hundred and forty five dollars and forty five cents, reserving the widow's dower. Said cause consists of fifty acres taken off of hundred acres, Lot No. 22, in the Second Division on the north side of the Androscoggin River. MARY RICHARDSON, Adm'r.  
Rumford, July 11, 1840.

3w49

## NOTICE.

CAME into the enclosure of Capt. Philip Bradford on the 4th inst. and committed to the Pound Keeper of Turner, on the 11th inst., BROWN MARE, about 14 years old, with a switch tail, and a sore on the right hind foot. The owner is requested to prove property and pay legal charges, and take her away. CUSHING PHILIPS, Pound Keeper.

Turner, July 13, 1840.

3w49

## Commissioners' Notice.

THE subscribers, having been appointed, by the Judge of Probate for the county of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of Almon Howard, late of Waterford, deceased, whose estate is represented as insolvent, give notice that six months from the 23d day of June last, they will be allowed and paid to their creditors, and that they will attend to that service at the dwelling house of John Houghton, in said Waterford, on the first Saturday of September and November next, from one till five o'clock P. M., on each of said days.

JONAH HUGHTON,  
JOHN WHITCOMB, Comr.  
Waterford, July 15, 1840.

3w49

## BROTHER JONATHAN.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND H. HASTINGS WELD.  
THE LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD, AND CERTAINLY AMONG THE BEST.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
BY WILSON & COMPANY.  
AT 162 NASSAU STREET NEW YORK.  
TERMS, \$3 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

UPON entering the second volume of this pioneer in the introduction of papers of this class, the publishers may be gratified in congratulating themselves upon the continued rapid and advancement of their periodical, from the issue of its first number to the present time. Aware that competition is the life of business, they expected, and have met with rivals—but these have been essential aids to the popularity and circulation of the *Jonathan*. New readers have been made, where, comparatively, few existed before, and the taste created for the elegant literature of the two hemispheres, carried into all parts of the country, and more accessible to all, has produced a demand for the *Brother Jonathan*, which is gratifying to state is continually on the increase.

With such addition to their resources and embankments, the publishers have aimed to give a commensurate increase to the value and interest of their sheet. In addition to the labors of the gentleman whose name are announced as editors, the publishers will themselves constantly of the aid of such occasional contributors as they can find space for.

For the benefit of the *Jonathan*, the services of Isaac A. M. Pease, Jr., have been engaged; and his fine literary style will be exercised in the selection of things rare and new, and worthy in the European literary market. Selections from the cream of the foreign magazines will of course be contributed.

Meantime—in the progress of improvement, a new feature has been added to the *Brother Jonathan*—the publication of new and popular music. Every paper will contain something in this way new and pleasant—reverence being had to the editor, rather to such pieces as all can sing and play, than to refined compositions, suited only to scientific. A new font of musical type has been purchased, and a gentleman engaged to manage this department, of excellent experience and knowledge of music. This will enable us to give music a popularity which it never enjoyed before; to carry the same themes for the benefit of the *Jonathan*, and to the solons and matrons in the far western back woods, which delight the party in the city drawing room. A simultaneous popularity will thus be enjoyed all over the country by such compositions as are adapted to the public taste, and worthy of the public favor.

Whatever other improvements may suggest themselves, will be adopted; and no pains spared to make the *Jonathan* well come to all sorts of people, whose tastes are wholly of gratification. Other periodicals may be induced to participate—or to particular clauses—*Jonathan* will transfer with all that he has collected, to compass the whole circle: to give, in a word, *Cyclopaedia*, of whatever may be desirable in a literary magazine, and weekly newspaper. He appeals to the past for vouchers of what he can do—and what he can't.

TERMS.—Three dollars a year in advance. For \$5 two copies of the paper will be sent one year, or one copy two years. In no case will the paper be sent out of the city unless paid for in advance.

33—All communications and letters should be addressed, postage paid to WILSON & COMPANY,  
No. 162 Nassau street, New York.

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REMOVAL.

THOMAS H. BROWN, M. D.,

WOULD hereby give notice to his friends, patrons, and the public, that he has removed from Paris Hill to SOUTH PARKS VILLAGE, where he intends to continue the practice of

## MEDICINE & SURGERY.

Present residence at the small dwelling East and near the Methodist Meeting House.

## ODDITIES AND FUN.

### NEW YORK POLICE.

"Frederick Felper," exclaimed the court, "Hea, bossy," answered a thick, husky voice, and up waddled an exceedingly stout gentleman of color, *minus* his inexpressibles.

"You are a pretty rascal to wander about the streets in this plight."

"Taint a true bill, bossy! Dis child hab a moral character what couln't come dat dar no how."

"Why, the watchman says he found you in the street."

"Gorramatly! den I doon't know nuffin ob de splunkification ob de word, for I tort de de- fimation ob de word wor a place whar dere ain't no grass, an' whar brack folk an' white folk go runnin' up an' down, as if de berry dibbil wor after dem."

"Why, Frederick, you are quite a scholar," "He! he! he! bossy; guess a dan brack nigger may know a tig or two sometime!—What sez de learned Mr. Garrison on dat sub- ject. People ob color hab a gennus what ain't no way slow, if de fire ob dere intellect am called out by de benefits ob edermacation."

"Then you have a good education, Fred?"

"Guess you'd think so if you only know'd dis nigger half so well as you don't know nuffin about him."

"Can you read and write?"

"Speck I can, and dat's nuffin mudder to what I can do when next. 'Spose now I tell you I write excommunications for de Mancipator, you'll call dis here nigger a dan liar!"

"O, no, I wouldn't Frederick; but pray what do you write about?"

"I write about de agency ob de mortal spir- it what neber die, but what libes on in de brack buzzum de same as in de white buzzum—an' darsore is it written dat de malgamation ob de sexes am de only ting what can go for to sal- vate de world. An' den I treats ob de moral influence ob tings as dey are; an' probe de ad- vantage dey has in a scriptural point ob view, ob tings as dey are."

"Then y'ou're a philosopher, too, Fred?"

"Dat's a fac, bossy—a philosopher what sees two tings what a common niger don't see nuffin at all. Dar now for instance, what are politi- cians? Why two great tom cats fightin' for a basin ob milk what ain't enough for de pair ob dem. What are human nature? Why, not to work or do nuffin, when wan can lib widon it. What are edermacation? (education we pro- sume.) Why, to know more about nuffin dan any body else. What are temperance? Why, neber to drink brandy widout in hin water, when folks is lookin' at us. What am charac- ter? Why, neber to be so green as to be cotech stellin' nuffin. What am gentility?—Why, neber to pretend to know nobody when ain't better off dan wan's self. What are lub? Why, to lub wan another like sisters an' brothers, but lub wansell best. In short, what am eberyting? Why, ebery ting am to do de best we can for ourselves, an' dat's de one ting need- ful."

"Frederick, where do you live?"

"Don't lie no whar. Speculation an' larnin' hab ruined me."

"How is that?"

"Why, de phonomenologists told me I had de organ ob stoppin' no whar in pertickler so fully developed, dat I tort it war no use takin' a lodgin' no how; an' I didn't lib any whar eb- er since."

"Well, to the point. Where's your trow- sers?"

"Golly, dat's more dan dis nigger knows; but I'll tell you de whole truff ob de matter an' shaine de debil. Hannibal Josly ticks he knows a thing or two befor dan any wan else. So he sez to me, 'Fred,' sez he, 'I'll tell you about I know more about de history ob de scripture den you does.' 'Dane,' sez I. 'Go on den,' sez he. 'Who was Adam's fader?' 'Moses,' sez he. 'Very good,' sez I. 'An' who was Moses?' 'He was de manna ob de wilderness,' sez he. 'Good again,' sez I. 'An' why was Solomon de strongest man?' sez I. 'Because he killed Goliah de jaw bone ob an ass,' sez he. 'Dat's true enough,' sez I. 'But now tell me,' sez I, 'who was de biggest man ob de whole ob dem?' 'I can't do dat no how,' sez he. 'Den,' sez I, 'you fool you wasn't it Genril Jackson, dat knocked down de Bank wid a single blow, an' didn't so much as hurt his knuckles?' 'I forgot dat dere, do I read all about him right off de reel, as well as yourself,' sez he. But neberdeless, bossy, he agreed to pay, so he axes me what I hab, and ob course I said I'd hab brandy. Well, de brandy made me feel postrified, an' all ob a heap wid de genius ob intellect an' ob sentiment, so I went to hab a nap on de City Hall steps, an' to see de moonbeams, an' de glories ob hu- man nature, playin' amde de bushes like eberyting, an' soothin' the mind what wor agitated wid de principles ob philosophical matters an' tings, de nigger's buzzum. An' to conclude de argument, I fell asleep, an' by golly, when I woke again, de débâil a bit could I find ob my trowsers?"

"Well, you must remain here, and we'll find you plenty of work to do, till you get another pair."

And the philosopher was committed.—*N. O. Dispatch and Tattler.*

UNCLE NICK'S LAST.—Our friend of the Fall River Patriot tells a good one of the Old Fellow. "One of our exquisites went to New- port on an excursion, a few days since, and put up at Hazzard's. After he had dined from about a dozen dishes, he commenced a confab with "uncle Nick," and told him many anecdotes of distinguished men and women with

whom he had associated, in the "first circles, at the South," and concluded by saying that many of them thought he resembled Lord Byron. "Well," said uncle Nick, "I think you do, in some respects, for I see you wear your shirt color wrong side out, and get drunk on gin." The young gentleman put an end to the conversation by calling for his bill. Uncle Nick said he guessed his mother didn't know he was out.

### TAKING THE CENSUS.

SCENE.—*A House in the Country.*

Inquisitor—Good morning, madam. Is the head of the family at home?

Mrs. Touchwood—Yes, sir, I'm at home.

Inquisitor—Hav'nt you a husband?

Mrs. T.—Yes sir, but he ain't the head of the family. I'd have you know.

Inquisitor—How many persons have you in your family?

Mrs. T.—If you was a man in your senses, you would'nt ax such impudent questions.

Inquisitor—Don't be affronted, old lady but answer my questions as I ask them.

Mrs. T.—"Answer a fool according to his folly"—you know what the Scripter says? Old lady, indeed!

Inquisitor—I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to law, as soon as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment, put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed.

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